

THE CITY of LONDON'S NEW LETANY.

To the Tune of the Black-Smith.

From *Rumps* that do Rule against Customs and Lawes,
From a fardle of fancies still'd a Good Old Cause,
From Wives that have nailes which are sharper then Clawes.
Good Jove deliver us all.

From men who seek right where it's not to be had,
From such who seek good where all things are bad,
From wise men far worse then fools or men mad.
Good Jove &c.

From Soldiers that wrack the poor out or doores,
From *Rumps* that stuff Coffers to pleasure their Whores,
Which they secretly squeeze from Common-wealth scores.
Good Jove &c.

From Ingrossers of wealth to ly by their walls,
Which they force from poor women for keeping of Stalls,
And choose for to rise by other mens fall.
Good Jove &c.

From Knaves that do pocket good Subjects Estates,
From such that give Plaisters when they've broken our Pates,
From *Rumps* that do Vore down our Posts, Chains and Gates.
Good Jove &c.

From States-men that Court the thing that they hate,
From woful Repentance that cometh too late,
From those that delight in making of bate.
Good Jove &c.

From Souldiers who mutiny for want of their pay,
And at last go sneeking without it away,
Crying they hope for a far better day.
Good Jove &c.

From one who brought forces to fill up the Town,
That when *Rumps* were at highest he might pull them down,
Because he himself doth aim at the Crown.
Good Jove deliver us all.

From Commanders who never drew sword but in Schools,
Which were burton-pointed to favour such fools,
Who in vapouring words do threaten Joynt stools.
Good Jove &c.

Who to loose drop of blood would faint at the heart,
And in dread of a Gun are scar'd at a Fart,
If one blows but his Nose it makes them to start.
Good Jove &c.

Who think every brush of wind an Alarm,
To which they make ready and cry out Arm, Arm,
Yet secretly pray that there may be no harm.
Good Jove deliver us all.

From a City that lyes on its back to be Gelt,
From those that wont stir till famine be felt,
From the Pike, the Gun, the Sword and the Belt,
Good Jove &c.

From a simple Mayor not fit to Rule Hoggs,
From such as obey him like Spannel Doggs,
From Summers heat and from Winters Foggs,
Good Jove &c.

From County Petitions and Declarations,
That will not be drawn one Inch from their stations,
But triumph in words for old Reformatations.
Good Jove &c.

From Apprentices valour and threats from the City,
Which would Act great wonders, yet forbear in pity,
From fools that conceit themselves very witty.
Good Jove &c.

From Oaths and Engagements imposed by force,
And broken as fast without any remorse,
Alleadging them Ceremonies of course.
Good Jove &c.

From those whose damn'd actions with Treason are crown'd
From such that would Law and Gospel confound,
And Vow that the City they'll burn to the ground.
Good Jove &c.

From people that murmur with Swords in their hand,
And keep an entreating when they may command,
Yet had rather loose all then Knaves to withstand.
Good Jove &c.

From *Rumps* that the Kingdoms Revenue have spent,
From an everlasting Parliament,
And from an Army full of discontent.
Good Jove &c.

From such who do courties with a long pause,
From those who condemn before they hear the cause,
And from Trades which are worse then picking of straws.
Good Jove &c.

From a Foes mercy when one lyes in his pow'r,
From a Friends anger in an ill hour,
And from a fool that's Lieutenant of the Tower.
Good Jove &c.

From men who make use of their Friends in the nick,
And when the brunt's over against them do kick,
The thoughts of such Vipers doth make my Muse sick.
Good night good people all.